

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

CLIVE BARKER'S
HELLRAISER

ECT
Epic Comics Book 11 \$4.50 \$8.20 U.S.

Sholly Fisch
Mike Hoffman

Erik Saltzgaber
Jackson Guice
Alfred Ramirez

Chris Henderson
Vincent Cecolini
Paris Cullins
Tom Vincent

Ron Wolfe
Derek Yaniger



foreword
D.G. Chichester

The Schedule

Chris Henderson

Vincent Cecolini

writers

Paris Cullins

artist

Tom Vincent

color artist

Gaspar Saladino

letterer

Devil's Brigade: Part Eight

Command Performance

Ron Wolfe

writer

Derek Yaniger

artist

Gaspar Saladino

letterer

Publish or Perish

Sholly Fisch

writer

Mike Hoffman

artist/letterer

Devil's Brigade: Part Nine

No Loss to the Community

Erik Saltzgeber

writer

Jackson Guice

Alfred Ramirez

artists

Phil Felix

letterer

Published every six weeks by Epic Comics. Office of publications:
587 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016.

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER.™ Book 11.

No part of this book may be printed or reproduced in any manner, whether mechanical or electronic, without the written permission of Clive Barker and the publisher. The stories, characters and incidents in this book are entirely fictional. **CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER.™** (including all prominent characters appearing in this book and the distinctive likenesses thereof, with the exception of the characters LACE, ATKINS and FACE) are trademarks of Clive Barker. The characters LACE (appearing in the story "Publish or Perish"); ATKINS (appearing in the story "No Loss to the Community"); and FACE (appearing in the story "Command Performance"); and the distinctive likenesses thereof are the trademarks of Epic Comics. **ALL CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER.™** material copyright © 1992 Clive Barker. All rights reserved. All other material copyright © 1992 Epic Comics. All rights reserved.

*Epic Comics™ is a registered trademark of Epic Comics.



FOREWORD

We begin tonight's sermon on the word of Leviathan (order, discipline, agony, suffering — they're all good words, take your pick) with an abject apology to writer Mark Kneece, whose credit was unhappily *un*-credited on issue nine's "The Tontine." The talented Mr. Kneece co-wrote that dark treatise on camaraderie gone wrong with *Hellraiser* favorite Scott Hampton, but Mark's name got mistakenly consigned to the abyss somewhere along the way. And though forgiveness is not exactly the stock in trade of this publication, we beg Mr. Kneece's in regards to this gaffe. Fans of "The Tontine" should also note that the story's final two pages were unfortunately transposed; that is, the printed last page is *really* the second-to-last, the second-to-last *really* the conclusion — when you get to the story's end, read the last page *before* the second-to-last and you'll get the authors' original intent. Sincere apologies to all affected, and damn us to Hell for our mixed-up part in it all.

And where these incidents are concerned, we won't even have fun while we're down there. On to other strangeness. . .

While we don't feature a letter column herein, we *do* appreciate the many comments we receive via your pens, pencils, word processors and crayons (I'm praying that red stuff was crayon). To address that correspondence (and 'cause I'm always on the prowl for topics to fill this page and earn my pizza money for the next 6 weeks) we'll occasionally be opening up this space to your words, gentle reader. A sampling, from one Rodney Collins:

I would truly like to congratulate you all for the success of that malformed abortion. It will undoubtedly haunt me with acute (sic) visions of poignant agony and ample agitation to fuel the cacophony of Howling Deamons (sic) that go 'round and around the Boney Helmut (sic) of my skull. It is probable that the stiletto-like (sic) glint of this malevolent gem will remain imprinted upon my optic nerve for a considerable length of time. I await trembling with anticipation for you to apply your literary whips once again to my burning mind.

Rodney was kind enough to authenticate his communique with a smeared scarlet imprint of a human hand.

Soon to generate mail all their own, this issue's selection of lunatics running the asylum. Honorary Cenobites Sholly Fisch and Mike Hoffman return to the old haunt with "Publish Or Perish," a parable on bringing higher learning to new depths. In "The Schedule," a company executive gets business advice from some infernal efficiency experts; Chris Henderson and Vincent Cecolini provide the words, Paris Cullins and Tom Vincent the pictures. And it's an assault by *The Devil's Brigade* as writer Ron Wolfe and artist Derek Yaniger direct the next act in the fiendish Face's inner city tragedy, "Command Performance"; while *Weaveworld* adaptor Erick Saltzgaber wages urban warfare with the Cenobite Atkins in "No Loss To The Community"; Jackson Guice and Alfred Ramirez provide the illustrative ammunition.

Next time out, more good times being bad, and even another letter or two. Until then, don't take any wooden puzzle boxes. . . and join me in that prayer about that red stuff really being *just* crayon. . .

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor

M.L. JOHN ING, 6 DIRECTOR OF MANUFACTURING, AUGUST MOORE, HAS PLACED AN EMPLOYEE, WHO HAS BEEN OUTPUTTING LESS THAN SATISFACTORY WORK, ON THE PROVERBIAL "HOT SEAT"

THE OFFENDER :
TAX GLEASON, FRESH OUT OF COLLEGE AND NOT YET REIGNED TO THE NOTION THAT "TIME IS MONEY."

MORE CONCERNED WITH FEMALE CO-WORKERS, CLOCK WATCHING, AND AMUSING HIMSELF THAN STRIVING TO MEET DEADLINES, IT IS NOT THE FIRST TIME HE HAS BEEN PUT IN THIS POSITION.

GLEASON, I'M AT MY WIT'S END WITH YOU. MY DEPARTMENT IS A WELL-OILED, FINELY-TUNED MACHINE. MY PEOPLE USE THE WHEELS AND GEARS OF THAT MACHINE, WORKING TOGETHER TO CREATE FLAWLESS PRODUCT.

I KEEP MY FINGER ON THE PULSE OF THAT MACHINE FOR A REASON... BECAUSE I WILL BE DAMNED IF IT EVER SLOWS, MALFUNCTIONS, OR STOPS.

YOU, MR. GLEASON, ARE A GEAR IN MY MACHINE. A GEAR THAT HAS BECOME MISALIGNED, GRINDING AGAINST THE OTHER PARTS-- RUINING THEM AS YOU RUIN YOURSELF. AND I WILL NOT STAND FOR IT. DO YOU UNDER-
STAND?

YES SIR.

YOU MORON.

THE SCHEDULE

BEHIND HIS BACK, THE "GEARS" REFER TO AUGUST MOORE BY A VARIETY OF EXPLETIVES, BUT THE CORPORATE HEADS APPRECIATE HIM. HIS DEPARTMENT, ORGANIZED AND DISCIPLINED, CONSISTENTLY PRODUCES HIGH LEVELS OF QUALITY WORK.

Chris Henderson
Vincent Cecolini
writers
Paris Cullins
artist
Tom Vincent
color artist
Gaspard
letterer

GLEASON, WHAT IS IT WITH YOU? WHY CAN'T YOU GET WITH THE PROGRAM AROUND HERE? IT CAN'T BE THAT HARD TO JUST DO YOUR JOB. PERHAPS LIFE IN OUR LITTLE FAMILY HAS BEEN MADE TOO EASY FOR YOU.

AS MY FATHER USED TO SAY... "BY THE WORK ONE KNOWS THE WORKMAN." I'D HATE TO TELL YOU WHAT YOUR WORK AROUND HERE SHOWS ME.

NOW, PLEASE, GET BACK TO YOUR DESK AND TRY TO SHOW A LITTLE OF THE SPIRIT M.L. JOHN AND I ARE EXPECTING FROM YOU!

SON, I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS WITH YOU. WHY YOU CAN'T GET WITH THE PROGRAM IN THIS HOUSEHOLD IS BEYOND ME. IT CAN'T BE THAT HARD TO DO A FEW SIMPLE CHORES. MAYBE ITS ME. MAYBE I'VE ALLOWED THINGS TO GO ON TOO LONG... BEEN TOO EASY ON YOU. WELL, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, YOUNG MAN...

AS JEAN DE LA FONTAINE SAID... "BY THE WORK ONE KNOWS THE WORKMAN." I'D HATE TO TELL YOU WHAT YOUR ACTIONS AROUND HERE SHOW.

NOW, IF YOU PLEASE, TRY AND SHOW AT LEAST A LITTLE OF THE SPIRIT YOUR MOTHER AND I EXPECT FROM YOU...



M.L. JOHN, INC. SHOWED GREAT WISDOM IN HIRING AUGUST MOORE.

PERHAPS MORE THAN MOORE SHOWN IN HIRING GLEASON.

IGNORING HIS WARNINGS, AGAIN
NEGLECTING HIS SIZEABLE PILE
OF PAPERWORK, GLEASON ONCE
MORE CONCERNED HIMSELF WITH
"CONFISURIX", A WOODEN PUZZLE
HE HAD PURCHASED AT A LOCAL
CURIO SHOP.

ONE WINS ONE'S BATTLE WITH THE
"CONFISURIX" WHEN ONE MANEUVERS
ITS VARIOUS ADJACENT PIECES INTO
ONE WHOLE, UNFORMED CUBE.

IT HAD BECOME ZAK
GLEASON'S OBSESSION.

ONE BY ONE, HIS
CO-WORKERS NOTICE.

NOW
WHAT
ARE
YOU
DOING
?

TRYING
TO SOLVE
THIS
THING.

AT IT
AGAIN.

GO, MAN--
GO.

YOU CAN
DO IT,
ZAK.

BETTER WATCH
OL' MOORE
DOESN'T CATCH
Y'ALL.

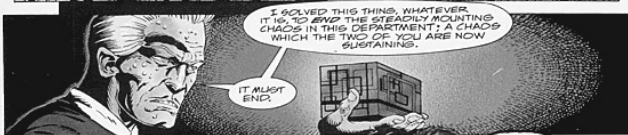
ORGANIZATION IS
THE BACKBONE OF
ALL TRUE
SUCCESS.

DISCIPLINE, ROUTINE,
COHESIVE STRUCTURE:
THOSE ARE THE ANSWERS
TO ALL OF THE WORLD'S
ILLS. WHY ARE PEOPLE
SO BLIND TO THE
BENEFITS OF ORDER?

NOW WHAT
ARE THEY
UP TO?

WHAT THE HELL
IS GOING ON OUT
HERE?







THE END



DETROIT, THE HEAT OF LATE SUMMER IS GIVING WAY TO A COLD WIND OFF LAKE ST. CLAIR.

BUT THE STREETS NEVER CHANGE IN THIS PART OF THE INNER CITY. HOT OR COLD, PEOPLE STILL HURT WITHOUT THE BASICS OF LIFE, FOOD, SHELTER, RESPECT.

LEO SHABEL IS HERE TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE.



WAR ON POVERTY

LISTEN TO LEO

STOP POVERTY

HELP THE HOMELESS

END HUNGER NOW

LISTEN TO LEO!

WAR ON POVERTY

EAT THE RICH

Ron Weller
writer
Derek Yauinger
artist
Gaspard
letterer

SHABEL IS LEADING THIS MARCH ON BEHALF OF THE HOMELESS. HERE HE COMES-- NEVER SLOWING, ALTHOUGH HE IS LEADING THE END OF A TWO-WEEK HUNGER STRIKE.

TODAY'S MARCH WILL COMMEMORATE THE OPENING OF ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF STREET HAVEN SHELTERS. ANOTHER WISH COME TRUE... FOR LEO SHABEL.

I'M SORRY IT'S HARD TO TALK ABOVE THE CROWD'S CHANTING OF "LISTEN TO LEO."



COMMAND PERFORMANCE

THE STREET HAVEN

915

CHICAGO, THEN PITTSBURGH, HOUSTON, NOW DETROIT...CITIES ACROSS THE UNITED STATES ARE RESPONDING TO SHABEL'S CALL TO ESTABLISH STREET SHELTERS.

AND SHABEL IS PROMPTING COMMENT FROM SEEMINGLY EVERY QUARTER, INCLUDING TODAY'S SURPRISE "A POINT OF AGREEMENT BETWEEN FATHER PETER ABADDON AND TV EVANGELIST SAMUEL."

FATHER ABADDON DESCRIBED SHABEL'S SUCCESS AS A "MIRACLE." SAMUEL AGREED, SAYING THE RENOWNED PRIEST "CAN'T BE WRONG EVERY TIME, BUT, HEAVEN KNOWS, HE DOES TRY."

LOST CAT



WE'RE GOING TO SEE IF WE CAN HAVE A WORD WITH LEO SHABEL.



IT WON'T BE EASY. THE CROWD IS STILL CHANTING, SO LOUD... THIS MUST BE HOW IT FEELS TO BE INSIDE A TORNADO.



MR. SHABEL?... HE CAN'T HEAR.



PLEASE! I WANT QUIET!



AND THE CROWD FALLS TO SILENCE--LIKE THE SLACK-JAWED QUIET OF A SUDDEN DEATH!



"MR. SHABEL, DID YOU EVER EXPECT SUCH A TURNOUT?"



"NO, NEVER. I THINK OF THOSE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WHO'VE JOINED IN SUPPORT, THE DONATIONS OF MONEY FROM OUT OF NOWHERE. IT'S ALL BEYOND MY WILDEST, uh..."



"WILDEST WISHES, MR. SHABEL?..."

"WISHES, EXACTLY. I SEEM TO BE LEARNING THAT WISHES COME TRUE."



"AND IF YOU WERE TO MAKE A WISH, RIGHT NOW?..."

"IT WOULD BE TO HELP MORE PEOPLE."



"BUT SUPPOSE YOU WERE GOING TO WISH SOMETHING JUST FOR YOURSELF. WHAT WOULD IT BE?..."



"NOTHING AT ALL? NO SELFISH PLEASURES? MR. SHABEL?..."



"OPEN UP, LEO. ANSWER THE QUESTION."

I WATCH HIM THROUGH THE PASSAGE -
WAYS OF GOLD, WHITE LIGHT - JUST AS
I KNOW THE EYE OF LEVIATHAN IS ON ME.

HELL MANDATES A WORLD IN CONTROL,
AND I AM CHARGED WITH KEEPING
LEO SHABEL IN LINE WITH HELL'S
INTERESTS.

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND HIM.
I'VE STRENGTHENED HIS CAUSE,
MADE HIS WISHES COME TRUE.
THE MAN OUGHT TO BE SATISFIED.
BUT HERE HE IS -- STILL THE
YAWNERING GADFLY, OUT TO
CHANGE THE WORLD.

WHAT WOULD IT
TAKE TO LOCK HIM
INTO THE STATUS
QUO? -- TO MAKE
HIM HAPPY?

AAAAAGHH!

NO, NOTHING AS
SIMPLE AS THIS,
I'M AFRAID,
MY FRIEND.

LEO SHABEL
IS A PUZZLE I
INTEND TO
BREAK OPEN!

BECAUSE LEVIATHAN
WILLS IT! BECAUSE THIS
IS THE TIME OF CON-
FIGURATION, AND FOR
ANOTHER REASON ...

HE INTRIGUES
ME.

OUR LITTLE NIP-AND-TUCK
WILL HAVE TO WAIT...

IT SEEMS I HAVE ANOTHER
SORT OF SURGERY TO
PERFORM--ON LEO SHADEL,
ALTHOUGH NOT WITH A
KNIFE.

I'LL NEED SOME-
THING WITH A
SHARPER EDGE
FOR DEEPER
CUTS.

MMM--
INGGGH!!



THE WOMAN! THE ONE
IN CHICAGO--

I CAN USE HER LIKE
A SCALPEL--

LISA ANN MERCER.
SHE FIGHTS MY CONTROL,
BUT HE IS DRAWN TO
HER. I DON'T KNOW
WHY. SHE'S NOTHING
SPECIAL.

TO CUT OUT HIS
HEART.

AH! BUT THEN I
HAVE NO USE FOR
LOVE--ONLY FOR
LOVERS.



W-WHY, IT'S
BEAUTIFUL!--
BUT, LEO, HOW
COULD YOU
AFFORD
THIS?



DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, LISA ANN.

SHE KNOWS THE NECKLACE IS WORTH A MONTH'S SALARY IN HER JOB -- DIRECTOR OF A SMALL-TIME COMMUNITY THEATER, BUT SHE NEVER CARED FOR MONEY.



I ALLOWED MYSELF A LITTLE PAYMENT, THAT'S ALL.

A LITTLE WEAKNESS!--

I'M TIRED, SO DAMNED TIRED OF DENYING MYSELF. I HAVE NEEDS OF MY OWN. SELFISH PLEASURES, AND I WANT...

SHE CAN'T SEEM TO THINK STRAIGHT. SHE FEELS LIGHT-HEADED--A STRANGE, SUDDEN PAIN IN THE BACK OF HER EYES.



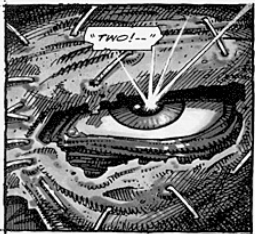
I WANT YOU TO LOVE ME!



CALL IT A WISH COME TRUE, LEO. ON A COUNT OF THREE--



LEO, YOU TOOK MONEY AWAY FROM THE STREET HAVEN--STOLE FROM THE DONATIONS. IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME?



THIS PART OF CHICAGO'S
MICHIGAN AVENUE IS
KNOWN AS THE MAGNIFI-
CENT MILE. FOR LEO,
IT MIGHT AS WELL BE
ANOTHER DIMENSION--
A PLACE WHERE NO-
BODY LIVES IN NEED.

I DON'T BELIEVE
THIS. \$50 FOR A
STEAK!...

AND I'M LAUGHING!

YOU DESERVE IT.
WE DESERVE
IT.

AND I FEEL SO... CLEAN,
SO ALIVE. SO FAR AWAY
FROM THE SHADINESS
OF OUR LIVES IN THE
REAL WORLD.

BUT THIS COULD
BE OUR REAL
WORLD, LEO. WE
COULD BELONG
HERE.

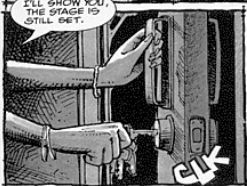
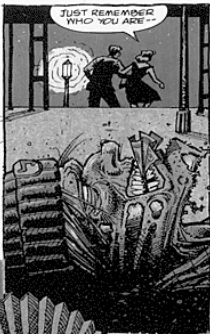
BELONG? I'M
ONLY HERE BECAUSE
I TOOK MONEY THAT
BELONGED TO THE
SHELTER. THIS IS
JUST A... NIGHT
OFF, FOR ME.

BUT, RIGHT NOW,
LOOKING AT YOU...
I CAN'T SAY THAT
I'M SORRY. CAN'T
SEE... HOW IT COULD
END.

SCUSE ME,
MISTER...Y'GOT
ANY SPARE
CHANGE?

NO! LEAVE
ME ALONE!







WHA?--IT
REALLY IS
A PARLOR.

A STAGE SET.
WE USED IT
FOR "THE GLASS
MANAGERIE"--

THE STORY OF A GIRL
WHO ACHES FOR SOMEONE
TO CARE ABOUT HER...TO
LISTEN TO HER SECRET
THOUGHTS.



LET'S
PLAY A
GAME.

PRETEND WE'VE
JUST MET, BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING ABOUT ME--
YOU WANT TO TRUST
ME. TELL ME SECRETS.



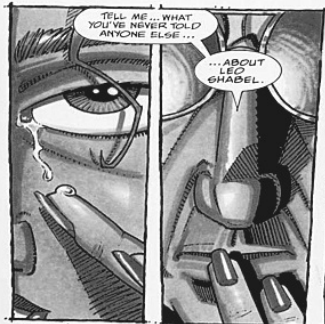
LISA ANN?...
YOU'RE
CRYING.

AM I?

HER MIND IS RESILIENT.
I CAN'T STOP HER
CRYING, AND SHE'S SMART,
AND HE MIGHT TAKE THE
WARNING--



BUT, HEAR ME, GIRL:
YOUR TEARS WON'T
SET YOU FREE.





"HE'D KILLED HER BEFORE HE KNEW IT. LEO RAN!"



"BUT HE HAD NOWHERE TO GO."



"HE LEARNED A FEAR OF BEING HOMELESS, ALONE, HUNGRY."



"THE POLICE FOUND HIM. HE WAS TOO SCARED TO HIDE, AND HE DESERVED TO BE PUNISHED."

"BUT THEY TOLD HIM HIS SISTER HAD DIED OF S.I.D.S.---CRIB DEATH."



"NOBODY BLAMED LEO."

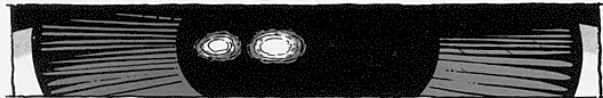


"I SWORE THEN... THAT I'D BE SORRY FOREVER, AND THAT I WOULD MAKE UP FOR WHAT I'D DONE WRONG--"

"I SWORE I'D DO GOOD FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE."

"BUT YOU WEREN'T SORRY, WERE YOU, LEO?..."





THE END

THE RESULTING
FIGURE HAS TWELVE
SIDES. NOW, IF WE DO THE
SAME THING TO EACH
SIDE OF THE NEW
FIGURE--



WE WIND UP WITH A SNOWFLAKE. BECAUSE FRACTALS ALLOW US TO CREATE SO-CALLED RANDOM PATTERNS IN AN ORDERLY WAY, SOME PARTICULARLY FLOWERY MATHEMATICIANS LIKE TO THINK OF FRACTALS AS BRINGING ORDER OUT OF CHAOS.

AND THAT'S
IT FOR TODAY.
I'LL SEE YOU ALL
ON TUESDAY.

Publish or Perish

Sholly Fisch
writer
Mike Hoffman
artist/letterer

WELL, HELLO,
GLORIA. HOW ARE
YOU TODAY?

FINE,
THANK YOU,
PROFESSOR.

OH, YOU ASKED
ME TO REMIND YOU
THAT THE GENTLEMAN
FROM THE FUNDING
AGENCY WILL BE
COMING BY TODAY
FOR THE SITE
VISIT.

RIGHT, THANKS. LET ME
KNOW AS SOON AS HE
GETS HERE, WILL YOU?

AH!

GOOD
MORNING, PRO-
FESSOR. I'M HERE
FOR THE SITE
VISIT.

MY
NAME IS
LACE.

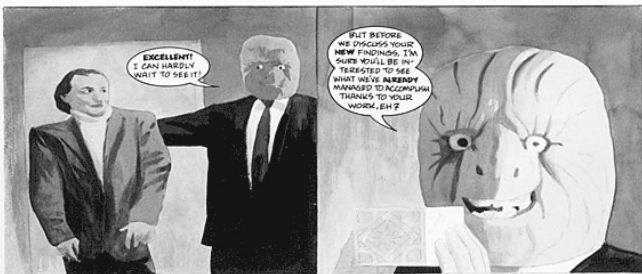
The LeMarchand Foundation
"Unlocking Your Tomorrow"

Lace Field Representative

OH... THE
SITE VISIT... YES,
EXCUSE ME...

I'VE, UH,
BEEN LOOKING
FORWARD TO YOUR
VISIT, ACTUALLY.

I'VE
RECENTLY MADE
A NEW DISCOVERY
THAT I'M VERY, UH,
EXCITED ABOUT.
I THINK IT COULD
MAKE A MAJOR
CONTRIBUTION TO THE
STUDY OF FRACTALS,
MAYBE EVEN RENOMI-
NATIONIZE THE FIELD.





YOU SEE, PROFESSOR, I'M NOT MUCH OF A THEORETICIAN MYSELF, I'M MORE OF A TECHNICIAN.



FOR SOME TIME NOW, I'VE BEEN ATTEMPTING, WITH SOME SUCCESS, TO IMPROVE UPON THE CHAOTIC HUMAN FORM-- TO BRING SOME RESemblance OF ORDER TO IT.



YET, DESPITE MY BEST EFFORTS, THERE WAS ALWAYS A RANDOM ELEMENT INVOLVED IN MY WORK-- WHERE TO BEGIN, WHICH IMPROVEMENTS TO CHOOSE, AND SO ON.



BUT BY APPLYING YOUR THEORIES OF FRAG-TALS, I HAVE MANAGED TO REMOVE THAT RANDOM ELEMENT.

WITH YOUR HELP, MY FRIEND, I HAVE CREATED --



-- MY MASTERPIECE!

AWESOMES, ISN'T IT, TO SEE YOUR THEORIES TAKE ON A LIFE OF THEIR OWN?





THE END

CITY HALL, 4 P.M.

THIS IS PRECISELY THE KIND OF THING WE NEED TO TURN OUR CITY AROUND -- PHILADELPHIA IS SUPPOSED TO BE KNOWN FOR ITS **BROTHERLY LOVE**. NOT THE RACIAL VIOLENCE WE'VE BEEN SEEING THESE PAST FEW MONTHS.

OFFICERS ELLIOT AND... GEORGE. IS IT? THEY'RE PERFECT!

I GOTTA ADMIT, PUTTIN' A COLORED COP TOGETHER WITH A WHITE COP -- A "RAINBOW TASK FORCE" -- WAS ONE OF MY BETTER IDEAS, YER HONOR.

DACINZA, SUCH MODESTY IS UN-BECOMING TO YOU. BIG CITY CHIEF OF POLICE YOU ARE, I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T MENTION TASK FORCES IN GENERAL WERE YOUR IDEA.

OR HAVING **BLACKS** ON THE FORCE IN THE FIRST PLACE.

Erik Saltzgaber
writer
Jackson Guice
Alfred Ramirez
artists
Richard Starkings
letterer

NOW, GENTLEMEN, YOU ALL SHARE THE CREDIT EQUALLY WITH OUR D.A., MS. ALBERT, HERE. BUT THE **SUCCESS** OF THE CRACKDOWN IS WHAT REALLY COUNTS.

NICE TRY, MR. MAYOR --

--BUT WE ALL KNOW THIS CRACKDOWN ON DRUG-RELATED AND RACIAL VIOLENCE IS YOUR ONLY HOPE OF SAVING YOUR BUTT IN THE NEXT ELECTION.

AND WE UNDERSTAND...

JUST WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR ANGLE, **DAY**?

YOU KNOW, LOUIE, I SHOULD JUST SHOW YOU, SOMETIME. I THINK YOU'D GET A REAL BANG OUT OF IT.

...HEY, I'M JUST THE **ASSISTANT D.A.** HERE. I MEAN, I'D LIKE MY SHARE OF THE CREDIT, TOO, BUT I'M IN IT ON A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT LEVEL.

I'VE PROBABLY GOT MORE ON THIS THAN ALL OF YOU. THIS TASK FORCE **HAS** TO WORK.

WEST SIDE PHILADELPHIA, S.A.M.

ORDER MUST PREVAIL:
THIS IS LEVIATHAN'S
EDICT IN THIS, THE
TIME OF CONFIGURATION.

IT IS A TIME
IN WHICH
MANKIND'S
NATURE
THREATENS
HELL'S PERF-
ECT ORDER,
AND ITS WAR
ON FLESH.
LEVIATHAN
HAS SENT
FIVE
EMISSARIES
INTO THE
WORLD TO
QUELL THE
INFECTION
OF CHAOS.

YO,
I GOT
ROCK...

YO,
MAN.
YOU IN
THE
SHADOWS,
YOU
LOOKIN'
TO SCORE?

OH,
YEAH...

THE RACIAL
TENSIONS IN
THIS CITY
ARE BUT ONE
ASPECT OF
THE CHAOS,
BUT
POTENTIALLY
THE MOST
CAUSTIC.

FOR THIS CAUSTIC
MISSION, IN ITS
INFINITE WISDOM,
LEVIATHAN HAS
SELECTED ITS
MOST CHAOTIC
CHILD.

YOU
WANT THE
ROCK, I GOT
IT. BUT DON'T
MESS WITH
ME, I'M
PACKIN'!

YOU'RE
PACKING,
YOU
SAY?

WHY,
WHAT A
CONKY-
DINK.
SO AM
I.

JUST
SAY
NO

WELL,
THAT'S RUDE.
HURTS GOOD,
THOUGH.

REMINDS
ME OF THE BAD
OL' DAYS IN
'NAM.

HE'S A CENOBIOTE.
CALL HIM ATKINS.
THEN RUN FOR
YOUR LIFE.

NO LOSS TO THE COMMUNITY

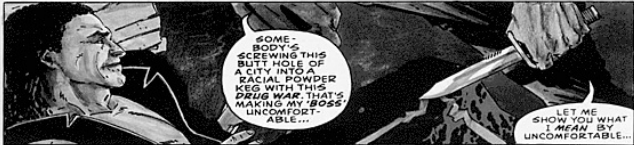




I NEED TO KNOW
WHO YOUR SUPPLIER
IS, AND WHO THE BIG
MEN IN THIS CITY
ARE.

WHAT,
YOU WANT IN
ON THE ACTION?
MAN, THEY EAT
YOU ALI --

YOU'RE
ACTING
LIKE THAT
WAS A
REQUEST.



SOME-
BODY'S
SCREWING THIS
BUTT HOLE OF
A CITY INTO A
RACIAL POWDER
KEG WITH THIS
DRUG WAR. THAT'S
MAKING MY 'BOSS'
UNCOMFORT-
ABLE...

LET ME
SHOW YOU WHAT
I MEAN BY
UNCOMFORTABLE...



NO! MY ^D MY
MAN IS A DUDE WE
CALL **WUTT**. MAN,
BALD GUY, ABOVE
HIM, I DON'T
KNOW.

WHERE
DO I
FIND
HIM?

HERE
ON THE
WEST SIDE,
NEAR THE
UNIVERSITY,
SOMEWHERE
UP ON BALTI-
MORE. HE
HANGS OUT
AT THE **WUET**
HOUSE.

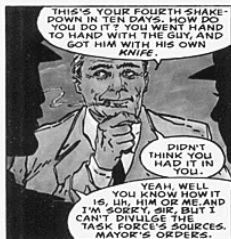
YO, MAN,
WHATCHOO GONNA
DO? GONNA TAKE
OVER HIS PATCH,
MAKE SOME
MONEY?



SKRTCH!

OH,
YEAH.

I
PLAN TO
MAKE A
KILLING.



LATER, AN
ABANDONED
WAREHOUSE.

GOD, BUT
I AM SO TIRED
OF THIS CRAP.
HOW LONG IS
THIS GOING
TO GO ON?

MISTER BIG
SHOT ASSISTANT
D.A. -- YOU WANT
OUT? YOU TELL
HIM. I PREFER TO
STAY ALIVE.

HE WON'T KILL US.
HE'S PSYCHO ENOUGH
TO, SURE, WITH HIS
TALK OF HELL AND
DEMONS, AND HIS
MISSION -- BUT HE
WON'T HURT US.

HE
NEEDS
US.

WHAT
I NEED IS
A NEW
SCOPE.

THIS
ONE PULLS
ABOUT AN
INCH TO
THE
RIGHT.

WHAT
YOU NEED
IS TO STAY IN
MY GOOD
GRACES, SUCH
AS THEY
ARE.



DO YOU THINK
WE COULD
PLEASE TALK
ABOUT --

SHUT
UP.

TELL YOUR
BOY, OFFICER GEORGE,
TO BE AT WURST
HOUSE TONIGHT AT
TEN. DRESS INFORMAL,
THOUGH KEVLAR IS
RECOMMENDED.

AND YOU,
"FRAULEIN SVENGALI,"
MAKE SURE THAT THE
CHARMING OFFICER
ELLIOT IS ON HAND AS
WELL. TEN SHARP. THIS
OUGHT TO BE GOOD.

LISTEN, BLOW
MY HEAD OFF
IF YOU WANT
TO --

YEAH,
OKAY...



WAIT!
WAIT! JESUS
CHRIST,
WAIT!

CAN
YOU, CAN
YOU LISTEN
FOR A
MOMENT?!



WHATTYA GOT,
JUNIOR? LET'S
RELATE.



CAN'T YOU
TELL ME A
LITTLE OF
WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE? I
MEAN, YOU'RE
SLAUGHTERING
PEOPLE AND
WE'RE MAN-
AGING TO
GET GOOD
PRESS,
BUT...

I MEAN,
HOW LONG
CAN THIS
GO ON? AND
WHAT DO
YOU GET OUT
OF ALL
THIS?



IT'LL TAKE AS LONG AS I NEED IT TO, FOR MY MISSION TO SUCCEED. THE TOUGH PART FOR YOU IS THAT I'M KIND OF ENJOYING IT.

MIGHT TAKE A WHILE.



DAMMIT, THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH. I'VE RIPPEN WITH YOU THIS FAR BECAUSE OUR GOALS WERE SIMILAR -- BUT NOW THIS WHOLE THING IS STARTING TO COME APART!

ELLIOT AND GEORGE ARE DEFINITELY NO LONGER SEEING EYE-TO-EYE, AND THE BODY COUNT IS GETTING A LITTLE TOO HIGH.



IT'S TRUE. ELLIOT IS MORE CONVINCED THAN EVER THAT SHE HAS BEEN CHOSEN FOR THIS, AND SHE NO LONGER NEEDS GEORGE. SHE THINKS HE LACKS THE PROPER SPIRITUALITY.

SHE WAS CHOSEN -- THEY BOTH WERE. IF ONLY THEY COULD BE REPLACED AS EASILY AS YOU TWO...

...YOU'D BE IN NO BETTER SHAPE THAN WE, IF THIS WHOLE THING COMES UNRAVELED. REPLACED. A LIFETIME IN POLITICS HAS TAUGHT ME TO LEAVE A PAPER TRAIL, THAT WOULD END RIGHT AT YOUR DOOR!

YEAH, AND THEY'D ALL BE WELCOME THROUGH IT, YOU --

LOOK, THE BOTTOM LINE IS ALL THIS KILLING HAS SENT RACIAL TENSIONS TO AN ALL TIME HIGH! IT'S WORSE THAN THE DRUGS WERE DOING! WHAT DO WE DO IF THIS POWDER KEG IGNITES?



I ALWAYS FIGURED I WAS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY KILLER. I'LL JUST HAVE TO WORK HARDER AT EVENING UP THE COLOR OF THE BODY COUNT.

YOU KEEP DOING WHAT I TELL YOU, THIS IS MY SHOW, AND I CALL THE SHOTS, SO TO SPEAK... YOU PEOPLE JUST TOE THE LINE!!

"...AND
STAY ALIVE."

YOU
HEARD?

YEAH.
WURST HOUSE
AT TEN O'CLOCK.
I'LL BE THERE
NICE NEIGHBOR-
HOOD.

WAIT
A MINUTE:
WHAT THE
HELL IS THAT
SUPPOSED
TO MEAN?

NOTHING.
LESTER.

REMEMBER
YOUR THEORY
ABOUT MIDDLE CLASS
DRUG USE? FUNNY,
BUT WE ALWAYS SEEM
TO WIND UP IN THE
SAME PLACES IN
THESE BUSTS,
AND IT'S NOT
MAIN LINE...

LOOK,
YOU
W--

YOU
GUYS
OUT AGAIN
TONIGHT?

GOONNA DO
SOME GOOD?
YOU GUYS'RE
HOT!

HATE
TO ADMIT
IT, BUT YOU
TWO'VE BROUGHT
MORALE UP A LOT
AROUND HERE.
KEEP IT UP.

CLEAN
UP THOSE
SLUMS.

YOU WERE
SAYING?

SEE
YOU ON THE
STREET,
OFFICER.

NOT
IF I SEE
YOU FIRST,
LESTER.

WURST HOUSE. 9:45 PM.

HEY,
FELLAS,
'SUP?

Guid
BALLOON
WORDS
HOT AIR
FOR EVERY
OCCASION

XXX
GIRLS
G

OUT
OF
BUSINESS

TAKE A WALK,
MAN.

FOOD
ANY GOOD
HERE? I
HEARD IT
SUCKS.

GEEZ, YOU DON'T
HAVE TO GET SO
EXCITED. IT'S JUST
WHAT I HEARD.

CRACK
CRACK

VIP

RIGHT ABOUT
NOW YOU MIGHT
WANT TO GET
EXCITED...

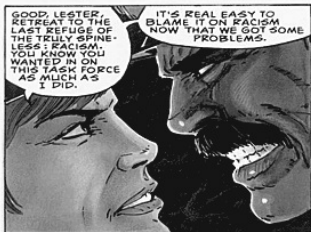
CHHOKA
CHHOKA













THE END





Clive Barker
consultant

D.G. Chichester
consulting editor

Tom Daning
assistant editor

Marc McLaurin
editor

Carl Potts
executive editor
Epic Comics

Tom DeFaleo
editor in chief

cover illustration by
James Martin

front and end piece illustrations by
Bartus

interior illustrations by
John Van Fleet

Enlist now in the ranks of Clive Barker's
infernal army and be all that Hell can
make you be.

Find that no one is safe from the draft —
not even a college professor whose
doctoral thesis is in the restructuring of
human flesh. Take your basic training
from a Devil's Brigade drill sergeant well-
versed in the art of mass carnage. Get
your marching orders from a leader to
whom the schedule is everything. And
lead an attack on a community theater
staging a celebration of sadism.

See your local recruiter. The Cenobites
are looking for a few good bodies.

ISBN 0-87135-868-9

